

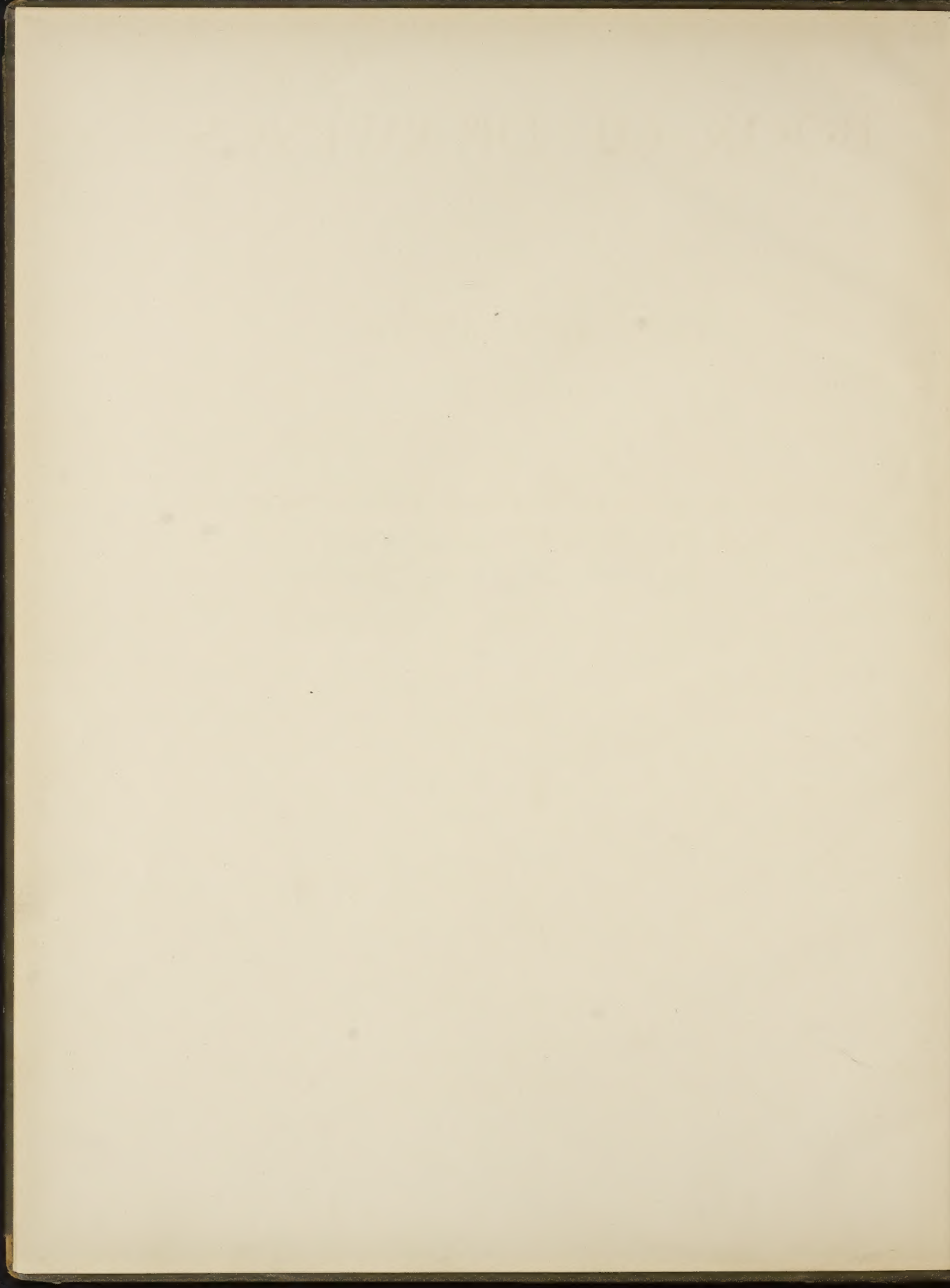
BOOK OF DRAWINGS By FRED RICHARDSON



BEING A SELECTION FROM THOSE
DONE FOR THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS



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CHICAGO
PRINTED AT THE LAKESIDE PRESS
MDCCCXCIX

This selection of cartoons, posters, and other drawings, which have appeared in The Chicago Daily News Saturdays during the last few years, is now reduced in size and put in book form.

Permission to use these drawings is by courtesy of Mr. Victor F. Lawson.

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Tailpiece



THE VIRGIN YEAR

JANUARY



Breathes there a man with
soul so dead
Who ne'er on New Year's
Day hath said
"I will not smoke, I will
not chew,
I will not drink, nor swear,
nor do
Aught that a person might
condemn,"
And since hath done the
whole of them?
If such there breathes, it's
safe to say
He's been locked up since
New Year's Day.

FEBRUARY



To sneeze or not to sneeze;
that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the
nose to suffer
The sting and tickling of
a quivering nostril,
Or to curl our snout around
a sea of itching,
And by a-chooing end it
—to sneeze, to snort
Ah, there's the grip.



"And to think I've got to leave you!"

MARCH



All in a wild March morn-
ing I heard the breezes
bawl
And saw my hat go scud-
ding and in a puddle
fall;
Men's mouths began to
snicker, men's eyes
began to roll,
And on that wild March
morning I fear I
warped my soul.

APRIL



In the balmy April days
Bardlets wake and lit their
lays,
Write their odelets, soft
and sweet,
To the grasslets 'neath
their feet,
To the flowerlets, to the
budlets,
To the calflets chewing
rudlets;
Streamlets, froglets, cloud-
lets, birdlets
Are extolled in pretty
wordlets,
But the people hunting
flatter
Keep on reading to let
adlets.

MAY

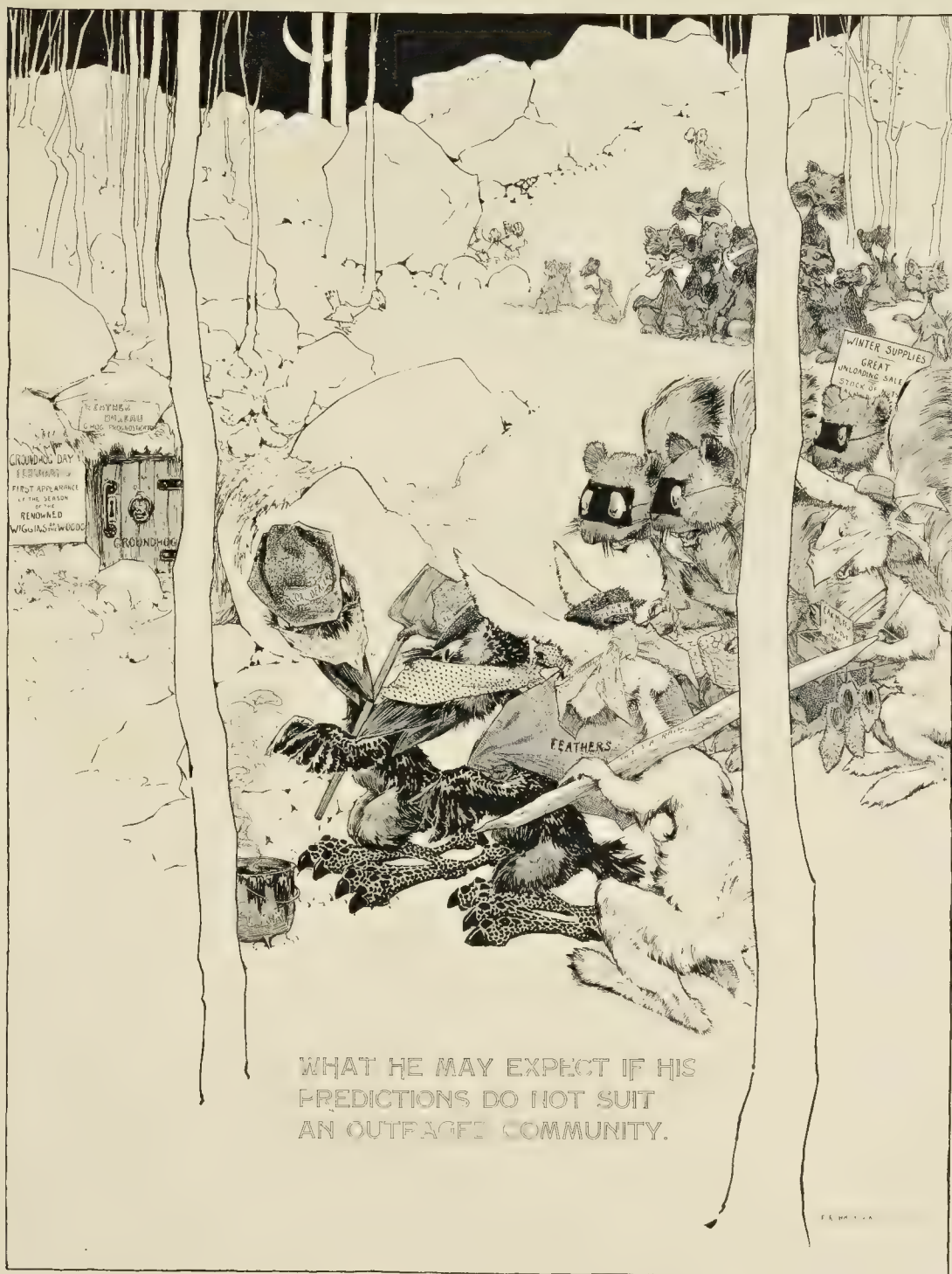


The sunlight warms the
budding wold
And wraps it in a sheen of
gold;
The buck beer cools the
schooner's bowl
And glads the thirsty guz-
zler's soul;
The scorchers scorch
athwart the park;
The tomcat hils when it is
dark;
And by these tokens every
year
We know that jocund May
is here.

JUNE



Along about knee-deep in
June
Young couples on their
honeymoon
Bask in its mellow, molten
beams,
And live on love and lov-
ers' dreams.
Along about neck-deep
they take
A tumble to themselves,
and wake
Up to the fact that cash is
cash,
And love won't buy a plate
of hash.



WHAT HE MAY EXPECT IF HIS
PREDICTIONS DO NOT SUIT
AN OUTRAGED COMMUNITY.

JULY



There's a thumb-nail on
the curling,
There's an eyebrow in
the air,
There's a frantic, fierce,
disturbing
Yell that pierces every-
where.

Little Willie perhaps you
knew him
Thought the cracker had
gone out,
And he blew it, and it blew
him,
Hence this thumb-nail,
brow, and shout.

AUGUST



Bake, bake, bake,
In this red-hot dog-day
weather;
It's a good thing I can
not publish
The words that my lips
untether.
And it's well for the
pesky fly,
As it skates on my polish-
ed pate,
That he cannot get an
X-ray view
Of my brainful of seething
hate.

A VALENTINE



"Hearts: Hearts:
New Hearts for Old."

SEPTEMBER



The golden harvest Nature
yields
Has now been garnered
from her fields,
And by the farmers who
pursue,
These bounties changed
to golden coin,
Which will in time, by
divers tricks,
Be changed to sundry
golden bricks.

OCTOBER



The leaves grow brown,
the grass grows sere,
The iceman drops a frozen
tear,
The birds forsake the
dreary grove,
The housewife blacks the
rusty stove;
But in this wilderness of
dole
There is one bright and
mirthful soul,
One jolly, joyful, happy
soul,
The man who sells us
short-weight coal.

THOSE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS

A series of designs for the new issue, commemorative of the Trans Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, respectfully submitted to Third Assistant Postmaster-General Merritt.

These designs are intended to suggest the salient features that mark the noble character of Western civilization.



NOVEMBER

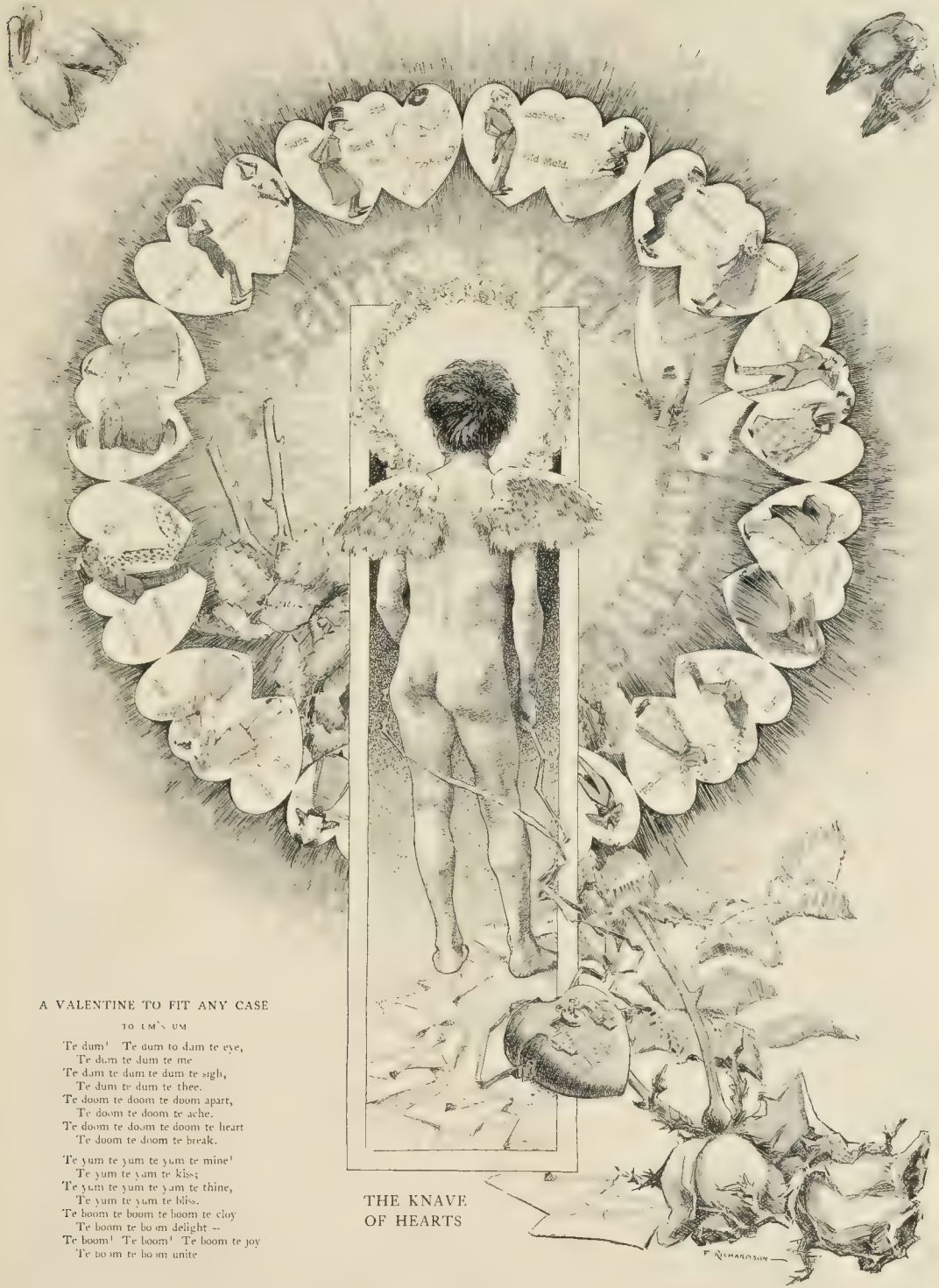


Ah, distinctly I remember,
it was in the bleak
November,
And each separate freezing
member of the house-
hold went to bed,
Eagerly we shook the fur-
nace, vainly did we
twist and turn us,
Vainly tried to make it
burn as it had burned
a year ago.
Tuckered out, I cried, "By
Jimmey, let us let the
blamed thing go!"
But the furnace wouldn't
go.

DECEMBER



'Twas pay-day before
Christmas, and all
through the stores
Tired creatures were hus-
tling by dozens and
scores;
Mamma choosing neck-
ties, papa pricing
basques;
Young men getting hat-
pins; fair maids buy-
ing flasks.
For 'twas just before
Christmas when peo-
ple turn out
And examine and buy
what they know least
about.



A VALENTINE TO FIT ANY CASE

TO LM'S UM

Te dum! Te dum to dum te eye,
 Te dum te dum te me
 Te dum te dum te dum te sigh,
 Te dum te dum te thee.
 Te doom te doom te doom apart,
 Te doom te doom te ache.
 Te doom te doom te doom te heart
 Te doom te doom te break.

Te yum te yum te yum te mine!
 Te yum te yum te kiss;
 Te yum te yum te yum te thine,
 Te yum te yum te bliss.
 Te boom te boom te boom te clay
 Te boom te boom te delight --
 Te boom! Te boom! Te boom te joy
 Te boom te boom te unite

THE KNAVE
 OF HEARTS

F. RICHARDSON

ALPHABET
FOR
LITTLE
CHILDREN
OF
CHICAGO



A is for Anson,
An old bird of baseball,
Who crows all the winter,
Then moults till next fall.



B is for Boodle,
By which aldermen eke
Out a very fat living
On three punks a week.



C is for Copper,
An officer who
Is always on hand
When there's nothing to
do.



F. Richardson



D is for Dust
That is blown in our eyes,
While the street cleaner's
po ket
Increaseeth in size.



E's for Employee,
A city hall clerk,
Who will do anything else
In the world except work.



F is for Franchise,
A strange sort of deal,
For when it is paid for
It's always a steal.



G is for Guesser,
Who sits in the tower
Predicting fair weather
While giving a shower.



THE SCOOP OF THE SPRING POET

Up, Pegasus! Up, Pegasus!
'Tis Spring and we must spring it,
And scoop the weather and the birds
Who into verse would sing it.

Get up and dust, for you must trot
Full fourteen laps of sonnet,
And many a kite-shaped roundelay
Must have your hoof-marks on it

'Tis true, a frosty, icy blast
We meet where'er we turn us,
But we can catch the proper glow
By gazing in the furnace.

So up, my nimble Pegasus!
Get up and hump and show 'em
How we can scoop all others with
A springy, spring-sprung poem.

Where birds should fit about the wold,
The icicles are clinging,
But there are pet canary birds
To glad us with their singing.

Of flowers in field and woodland now
There's not the slightest rumor,
But in the florist's shop they bloom,
At fifty cents a bloomer.

The mossy banks are banked with snow,
Their ancient verdure wilting,
But there are banks with long green bills
That we may cull by liting.



H is for Harrison,
Who pitches his tent
In the city hall camp
By right of descent.



I is for I. C.,
The big corporation
That is building an annex
Unto the creation.

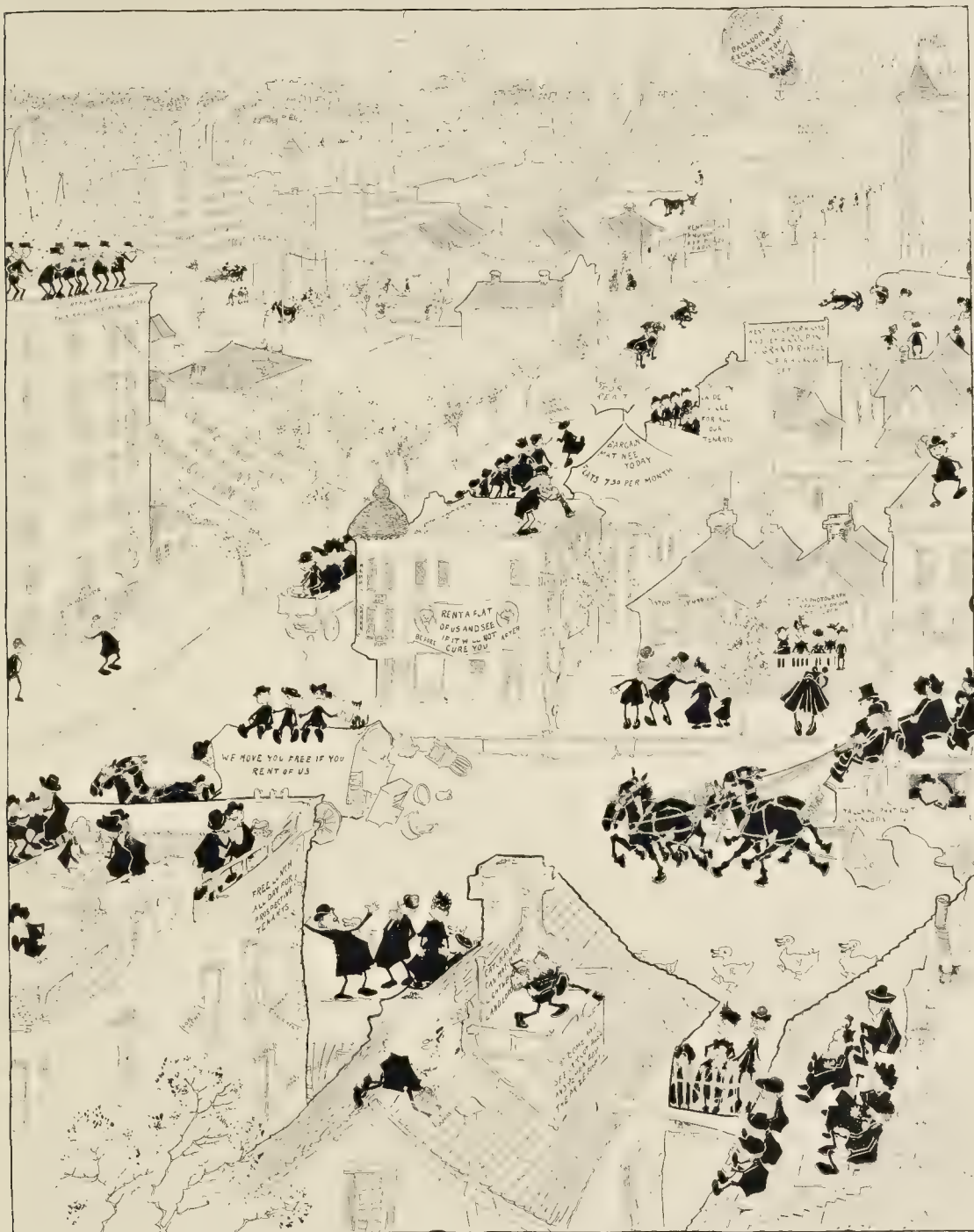


J is for Jones,
Who came to this heath
When Cæsar's grandfather
Was cutting milk-teeth.



K is for Kingley,
The gentle and kind,
Who'll not harm a pig
If the creature be blind.

PERHAPS THOSE ENTERPRISING LANDLORDS WILL
HAVE TO RESORT TO SOMETHING LIKE THIS:





L's a high railroad
Running by our top case
ment,
But its stock never gets
Quite as high as the base-
ment.



M is for Mangler,
And also for Mud;
Just think it over
You'll drop with a thud.



N is for Nellie,
The lioness, who
Is making a name
Lionizing the zoo



O is for Owl car,
Whose conductor's a
licker,
And whose patrons are
either
In love or in liquor.



SPRINGTIME



NAVIGATION OPEN



P is for Politics,
A city hall science,
That uses the public
And bids it debase.



Q is for Quibbles,
Those nice points of law
That have made trial by jury
A mere trial by jaw.

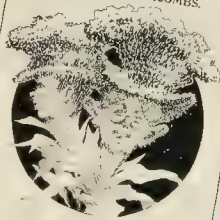


R is for Robert,
Whose last name is Burke,
A fat politician
With a pull that's a jerk.

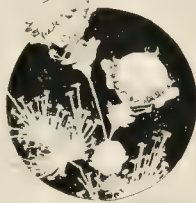


S is for Schaack,
The sesamoid sleuth,
Who can build up a corpse
Out of one decayed tooth.

EFFULGENT COXCOMBS.



BACHELOR BUTTONS.



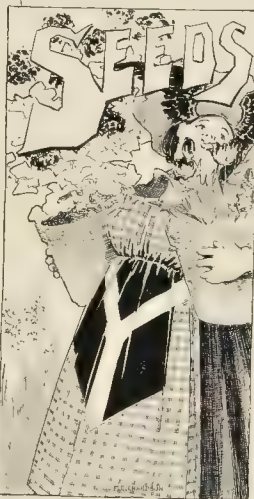
FOUR O'CLOCKS.



MORNING GLORIES.

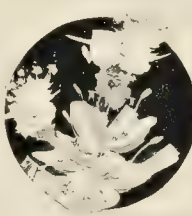


JOHNNY JUMP UPS.

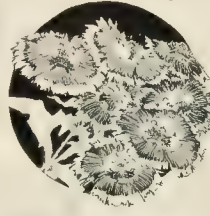


A LIST OF CHOICE VARIETIES OF POPULAR FAVORITES.

DOUBLE NIGHT BLOOMING SERIOUS.



WANDERING SWEET WILLIAMS.



STOCKS.



DARK COLORED PORCH CLIMBERS.



SWEET BRIER.



FOR THE HOME GARDEN.

SWEET PEASE.



In planting choose the best month of autumn, I prefer to see before a shower. Dig deep.

SCARLET GOLFERINOS.

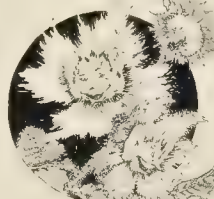


Should be watered. Should be watered. Should be watered.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.



MOSS ROSES.



These roses have been in culture. When they are in flower they should be watered. When they are in flower they should be watered. When they are in flower they should be watered.



T is for Tunnel,
Beneath river muck,
Where it costs but five cents
To ride down and get stuck.



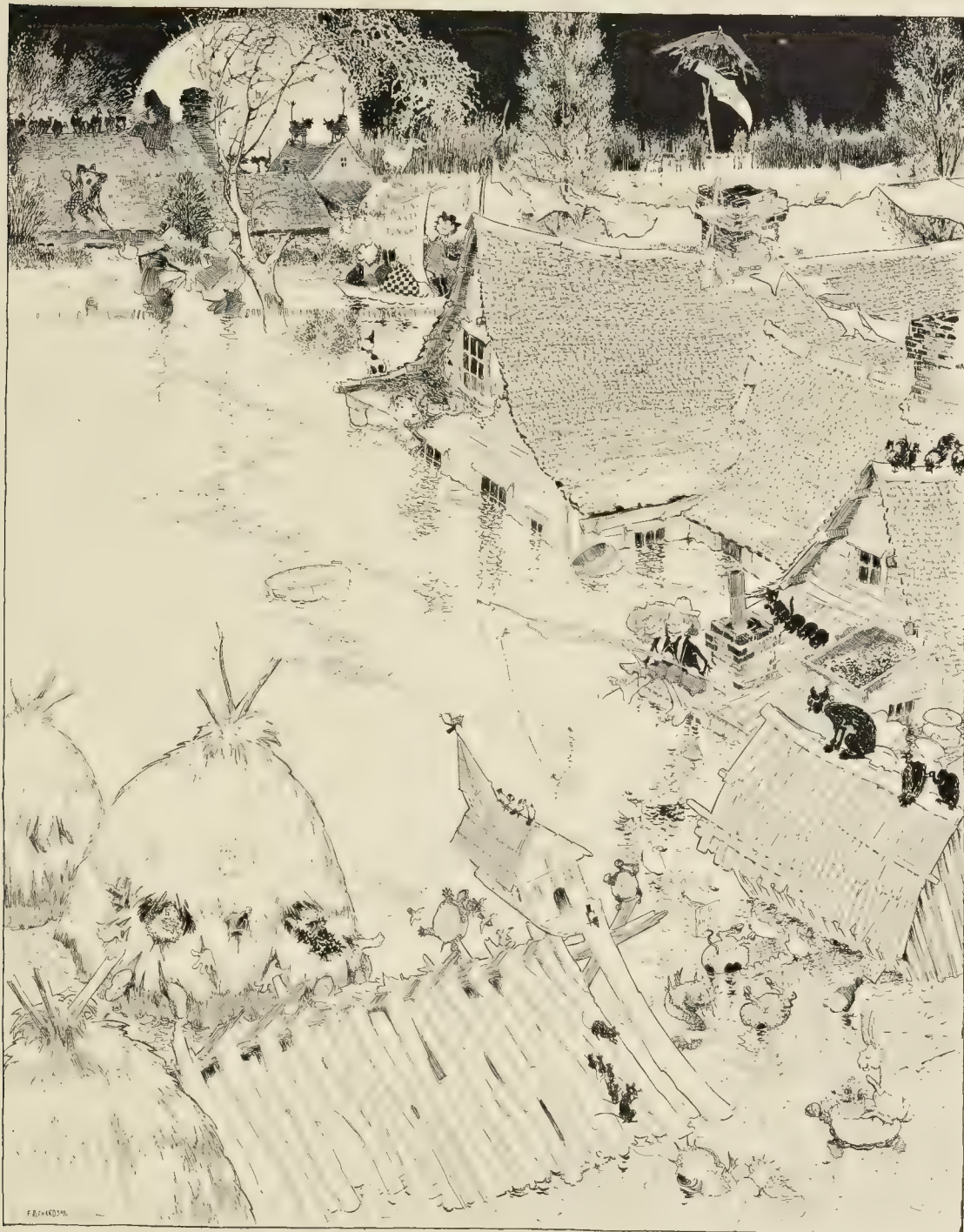
U is for Union,
The new loop where you
Have to ride twenty blocks
If you want to go two.



V is for Vat,
Luetger's caldron of mys-
tery,
Which has thrown much light
On the sausage's history.



W's for Water
The microbes have spoiled
And the housewives made
worse
By serving it boiled.



HIGH TIMES ON THE DESPLAINES



X is our vote
For the man we've select-
ed;
XX what we get
After he is elected.



Y is for Yerkes,
Chicago's gay lover,
Who by leave of her parents
Has near all there is of her.



Z is the Zeal
Which the candidate shows
Up to and including
The hour the polls close.



&c's the cream
Of municipal milk
In the salary trough
Of the boodling ilk



THE PROPERTY ROOM OF THE CLEVER CARTOONIST

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

(From the Goose Island Edition)



The tiger and the blind pig were fighting for the town;
The coppers came and helped them, and did the thing up brown.
Some buy white chips, some buy reds,
And some buy sodas and wink and nod their heads.



There was a little man, and he had a little drag
But Oh! it was strong and stout, stout, stout;
He went to the polls, and he scattered little rolls,
And before he got through he won out, out, out.

IN APRIL, BETWEEN SUN AND SHOWER



FOR THE SPRING SEED CATALOGUE



(THE SUPERANNATED VEGETABLE IN THE CHAIR)

"Now don't make my eyes too prominent, or show too many wrinkles."



Jack and Mike came over the pike,
And they both broke into the city hall,
Where Mike sat down while Jack plays clown,
And perhaps they don't make a pretty haul.



Carter had a pretty bee
Given him by Watterson;
As sweet a one as e'er gave glee
To any mother's daughter's son.

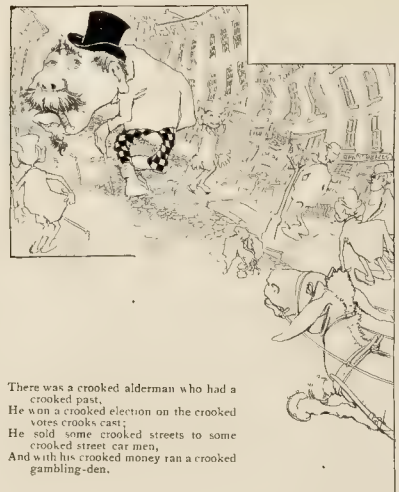
A presidential song it sang,
And died, and then he buried it
Beneath the bonnet which the young
Man from his pa inherited.



THE DREADFUL FATE OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO PLAYED "HOOKEY"



This is my eye
And this is my nose,
And this is the way
The alderman goes.



There was a crooked alderman who had a
crooked past,
He won a crooked election on the crooked
votes crooks cast;
He sold some crooked streets to some
crooked street car men,
And with his crooked money ran a crooked
gambling-den.



My queen of hearts,
She made some tarts;
Soon after we were wed;
Our brindle pup
Ate them all up,
And now that pup is dead.



Baa, baa, Billy!
Have you any pull?
"Once I had, sir,
And it was wonderful:
A pull with the people,
A pull with the boys,
But alas! I lost it all, sir,
By making too much noise."



THE PICNIC
IN THE WILDERNESS



Paddy-cake, paddy-cake, Baker man,
 Make us inducments as fast as you can;
 Make them and mark them with "W. T.",
 And fire them at Dudley and Hempy and me.
 — Adolf Kraus



Little Joe Leiter
 Had a wheat corner tighter
 Than the finance of those who were shy.
 Then he put in his fist,
 Gave the bear's tail a twist,
 And said "How is this for high?"



HOW TO SPEAK A PIECE WITH PROPER GESTURE AND EXPRESSION

FOR COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES



Woodman, spare that
tree?



Touch not a single
bough!



In youth it shel-
tered me,



And I'll protect it
now.



'Twas my fore-
father's hand



That placed it near
his cot;



There, woodman,
let it stand,



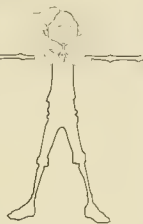
Thy as shall harm it
not.



That old familiar
tree,



Whose glory and
renown



Are spread o'er land
and sea,



And wouldst thou
hew it down?



Woodman, forbear
thy stroke!



Cut not its earth-
bound ties;



Oh, spare that aged
oak.



Now towering to the
skies!



When but an idle
boy,



I sought its grateful
shade;



In all their gush-
ing joy,



Here, too, my sisters
played.



My mother kissed
me here,



My father pressed
my hand



Forgive this foolish
tear,



But let that old oak
stand!



My heart-strings
round thee cling,



Close as thy bark,
old friend!



Here shall the wild
bird sing,



And still thy branches
bend.



Old tree! the storm
still brave!



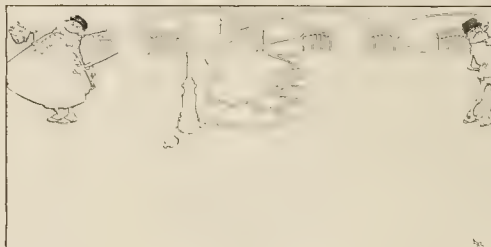
And, woodman,
leave the spot!



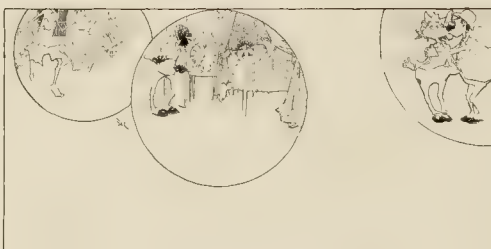
While I've a hand
to save,



Thy as shall harm
it not.



Eenie, meenie, minie, mo!
 Catch a robber with the dough,
 If he gives up let him go;
 Eenie, meenie, minie, mo!



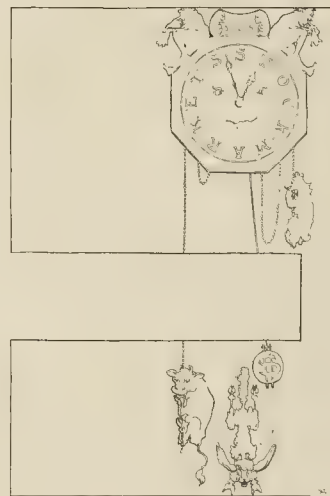
He who would thrive must rise at five;
 He who has thriven may lie till seven;
 He who in politics would 'land
 Will have to lie to beat the band.



DAWN



Mugty Wumpty sat on the fence
And kept politicians in suspense;
But all the ward heelers and all the ward toughs
Could never scare Mugty-Wumpty with bluffs.



Dicker and bicker in stock;
I ran against a clock.
I bought calls; down stock falls;
Dicker and bicker in stock.



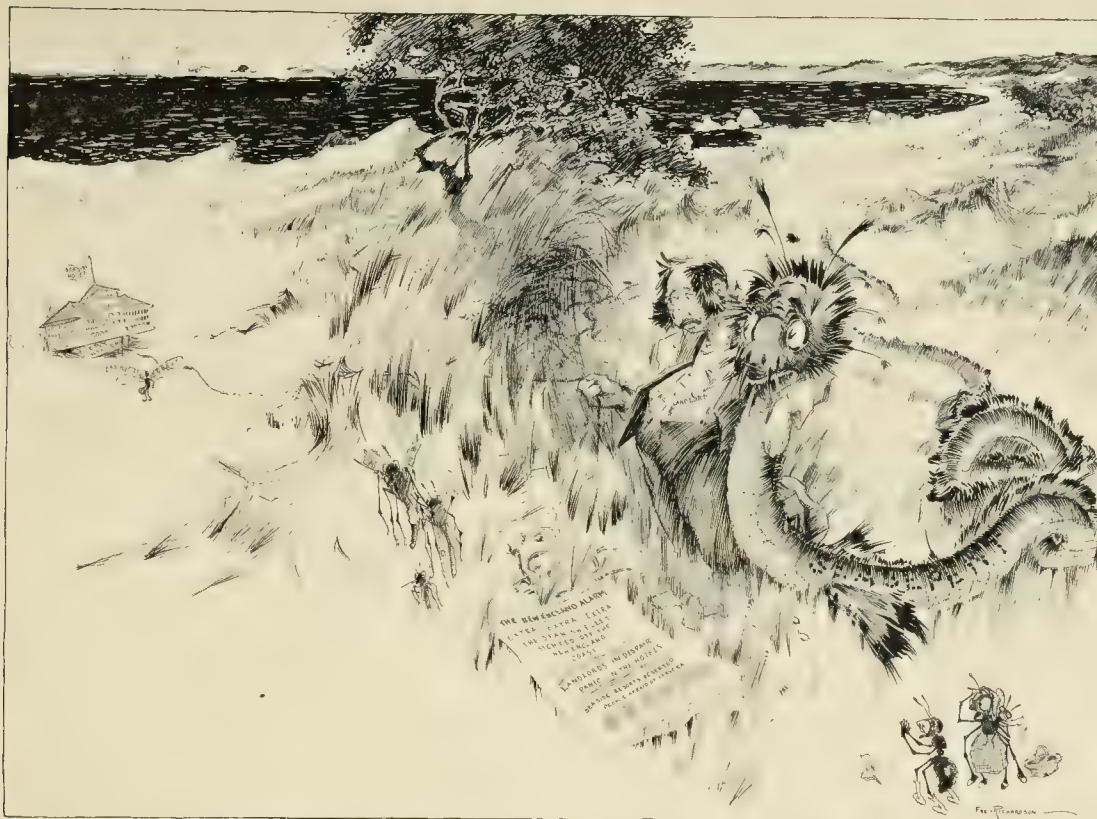
THE CALL TO WAR



Pretty Miss Chicago had a blind pig;
It was very several though not very big,
And its blindness was a contagious disease
For now it is closing the eyes of police.



Little drops of liquor,
Little chunks of tin,
Make the festive boddler
His election win.

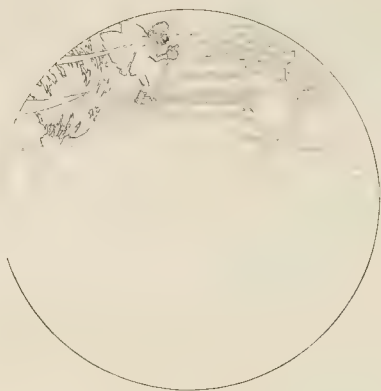


THE DESOLATION OF WAR—STARVATION AND WANT AT THE SEASIDE



A SHADE DIFFERENCE

Yellow Jack: "Say, I don't see why they should quarantine me and leave you other yellow pestilences loose."

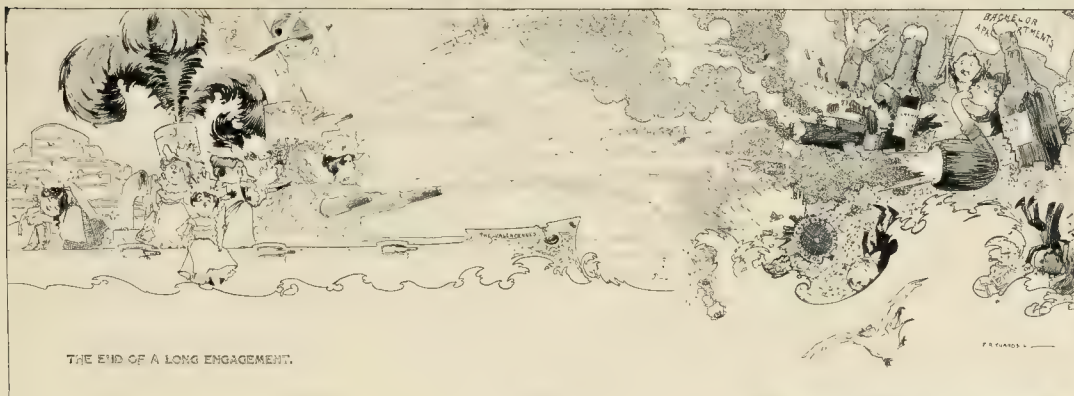


The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the gripman do then?
Poor thing!

With no vest, but
He'll simply keep cool,
While magnets to nickels do cling,
Good thing!



1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a thief alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let him go again.



A JUDGE'S REVEREND!

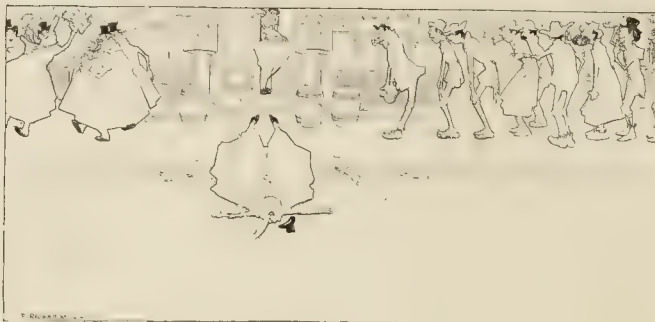
From by the Daily News staff and per from the
sect of war from descriptions of a fallow, sign
a confidential circles.

FA 22

THE LOCATION
OF THE TOWN OF
MADRID IN TERRITORY



THESE TWO YEARS
SINCE THE
PERSON HAS HAD
THEIR LAST STA
TIONER



Hark! hark!
The ward heels bark,
And candidates are seen;
Some with drags,
And some with jags,
And some with the lengthy green



Little Boy Boodle, come blow in your coin,
There are votes in the council that you can purloin;
And 'twill do no harm, for our Little Boy Mayor
With his veto can throw all your schemes in the air.

Senor Sagasta telleth the Birdie
that the olives are exceeding tart.



THE PEACE QUEST



THE TRAMP'S IDEA OF MR. DEBS' UTOPIAN PLAN

FROM
NEW PICTORIAL GUIDE TO CHICAGO

Pointing Out Many Sights
and Places of Interest to the
Stranger Within Our Gates



A "GAMBLING HELL" FROM POLICE DESCRIPTIONS





VIEWING THE LAKE



AT THE AQUARIUM



THE NETHERLANDS IS AN IDEAL COUNTRY IN WHICH
TO DISCUSS THE PEACE PROPOSALS OF THE CZAR



VISITING THE MUNICIPAL SLAUGHTER-HOUSE



IN SWEET PRESERVING TIME

N. B. It is nearly half after eight and no supper in sight



THE GREAT MANHOLE GEYSER IN
WASHINGTON STREET



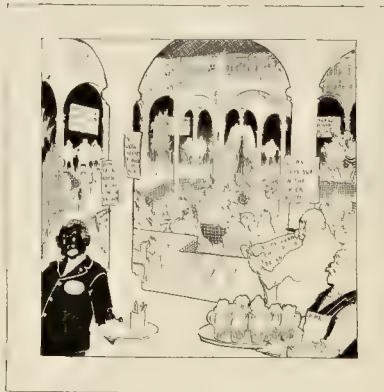
THE SIROCCO IN MADISON STREET

WHY, WHEN A BOY IS SO HAPPY, LIKE THIS:



SHOULD HE HAVE TO COME BACK TO TORTURE, LIKE THIS:





THE FAMOUS BATH-HOUSE (RESTORED)



GOING TO SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE TUNNEL
CAVED IN



HAMILCAR WISHING TO GO FISHING BEFORE DAYBREAK, MOTHER IS UP TO GET HIM A SHACK AND TELL HIM WHERE HE LEFT HIS RUBBER BOOTS, FISHROD ETC.



PA CANNOT ENJOY THE COFFEE AT THE FARM BREAKFAST, SO MOTHER SEEKS TO HIS HAVING SOME OF THE HOME BRAND



THE MORNING IS PLEASANTLY SPENT IN REPAIRING JOHNNY AFTER HIS FALL FROM THE APPLE TREE.



AT NOON ESTELLE AND ALICE COME HOME FROM PICKING BERRIES.



PA WANTS HER TO READ JOSEPHUS TO HIM ALL THE AFTERNOON SO THAT HE MAY SLEEP



MAUD'S DUCK SHIRT MUST BE IRONED BEFORE EVENING. NO ONE IN NINE MILES CAN DO THIS BUT THE FAMILY SAINT.



WHEN THOSE YOUNG COLLEGE BOYS COME TO SEE MAUD AND HER FRIEND AND FORGET TO GO HOME



AT MIDNIGHT HAMILCAR NEEDS CREAM FOR HIS SUNBURNED BACK.

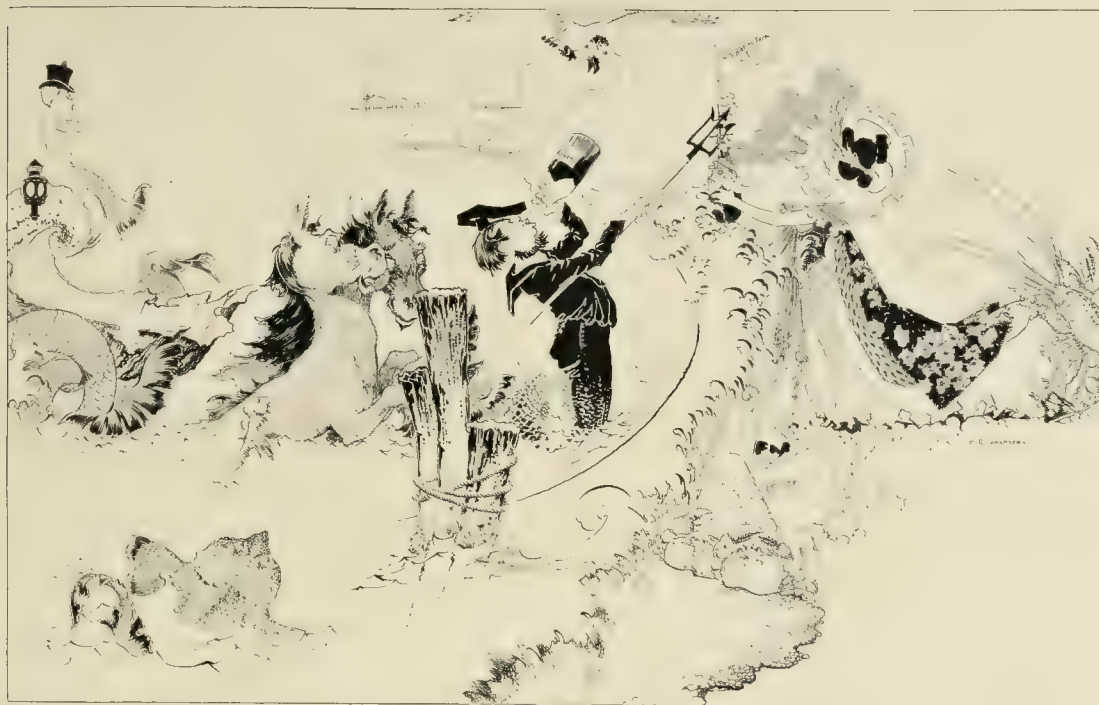


LATER LITTLE JOHNNY CONFESSES THAT HE ATE SEVERAL GREEN APPLES BEFORE GOING TO BED. THEN THE ENTIRE FAMILY WANTS TO BE CALLED IN TIME TO GO TO THE TOP OF THE HILL TO SEE THE BURNING.

ONE DAY OF MOTHER'S REST IN THE COUNTRY



DRAWING FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH



"HERE'S TO THE ILLINOIS"

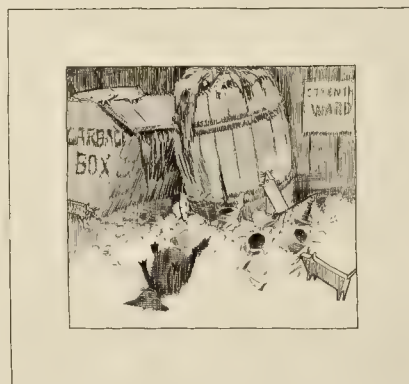


CHICAGO VISITS THE OMAHA EXPOSITION

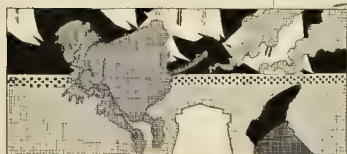
FROM SOME PICTURES
NOT AT THE EXHIBITION
BY ARTISTS OF CHICAGO



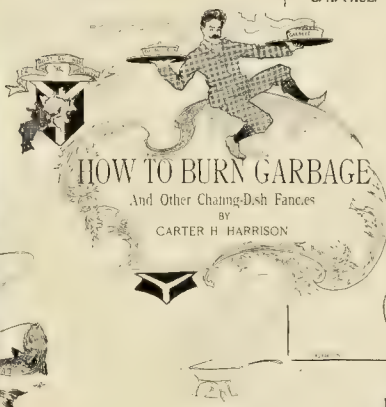
AN ANCIENT WINDMILL
William Lorimer



STILL LIFE
Miss Jane Addams



BY
FERD. PECK,
AUTHOR OF "THE AUDITORIAL METHOD"
AND OTHER ANNEXES.



BY
HINKY DINK,
(Michael Keena)



HELD UP.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK & JILL IN THE LOVE AND SHORT
MAN," "THE BELL CHIEFS AND THE MOON," "THE LITTLE



BILLY MASON'S



CHICAGO, WASHINGTON AND CUBA.

KIPLEY ON GAMES

Appended To Which Are Rules for Band Pq. Open and
Shot and Other Paper Games.



ALLEYS AND STREETS.

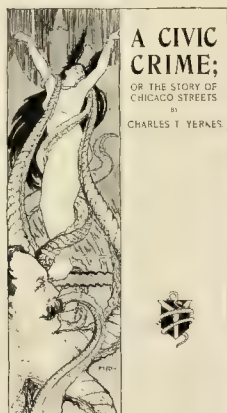
100 Picturesque and Beautiful Views of Chicago.



PUBLISHED BY THE TAXPAYERS' ART GUILD.

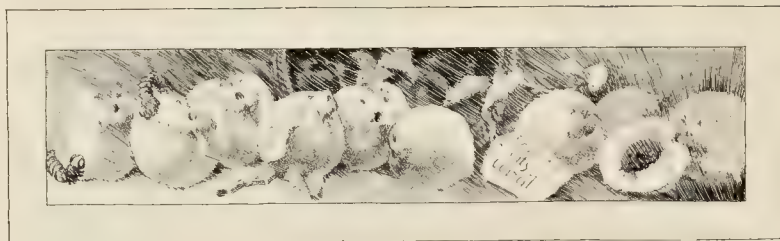
A CIVIC CRIME:

OR THE STORY OF
CHICAGO STREETS.
81
CHARLES T. YERKES



THE GENTLE ART OF UN-
POPULARITY... BY JOHN R.
TANNER... IN PREPARA-
TION BY THE SAME AU-
THOR: "DOOMED."





A YARD OF PEACHES
Geo. E. Cole



FROM THE SUMMER RESORTS

Old anglers say that fishing is poor this season





WHEN SCHOOL BEGAN—AS WE REMEMBER IT



HELPING PAPA

First Girl - "I don't see how your staying in town all summer helped your father."

Second Girl - "Why, I became engaged didn't I?"



DIVINE PROOF

He - "Are you sure you love me, sweetheart?"

She - "Yes, dearest, even in your bicycle clothes."



THOSE UNSPEAKABLE HATS

She - "Do you know Miss Sweetie?"

He - "I don't quite know. What does she look like?"

She - "She wears a cow-boy hat and -"

He - "Then I don't know her."



DIANA IN SEPTEMBER

"Dear, dear! I wonder if there can be anything the matter with my decoys?"



NOT SO OLD AS SHE LOOKS

Helen "That horrid Gillett girl smokes cigarettes with her men friends."
Margaret "Indeed! Why, she's younger than I thought she was."

THE TEN LITTLE COUNCIL BOYS

Ten little council boys going out to dine;
One choked himself on plums and then there were nine.



Nine little council boys stayed out very late;
One never did get home and then there were eight.



Eight little council boys shooting seven-eleven;
One sprung some loaded dice and then there were seven.



Seven little council boys sawed wood and said nix;
One sawed his pull in two and then there were six.



Six little council boys kept a gambling dive;
The grand jury nabbed one and then there were five.



Five little council boys shouting for the floor;
One worked his jaw loose and then there were four.



Four little council boys at a ward-building bee;
One got in another's ward and then there were three.



Three little council boys all in a stew;
One tumbled in the soup and then there were two.



Two little council boys for re-election run;
One took the Salt Creek route and then there was one.



One little council boy living all alone;
He got honest and then there was none.





THEN SHE WENT TO MOTHER'S

Young Wife—"Aren't those little round biscuits cute, dear?" I made them all myself."

Young Husband (golfing) "Yes, they are just what I need, too. I lost three golf balls yesterday and they cost quite a bit."



AT LAST

"And now, Lord Angleis, you behold the boundless prairie."

"Yes, by George big enough for golf links."





NOT A SUICIDE

Second man, in horror, — "Heavens! What are you doing?"
 First Man, — "Just getting in training for the Welsh rarebit season."



AT THE WEDDING

"What makes the bride limp so? I didn't know she was lame."
 "She's wearing yellow garters for her bridesmaids, and there are ten of them."



ON THE LINKS

He — "I've just been watching Miss De Belle's game. She had such a beautiful lie."
 Miss De Belle's Rival — "She usually does."



LET THE ANTI-THIELTY
SOCIETY DRAW
ATTENTION TO THESE
OUTRAGED ANIMALS



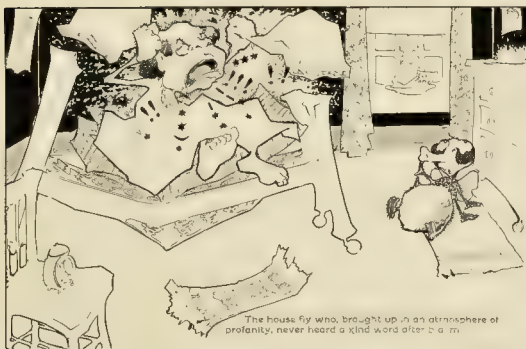
Don't let us go to dog fights



This chair is not for a dog to sit on



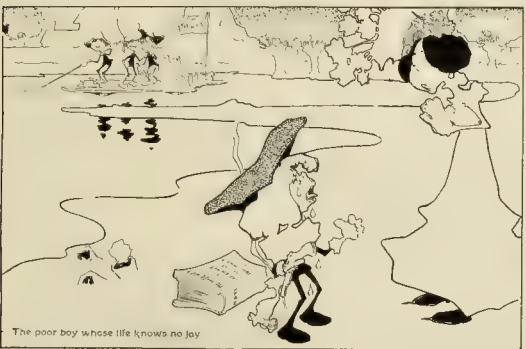
The poor little fish who never heard the truth



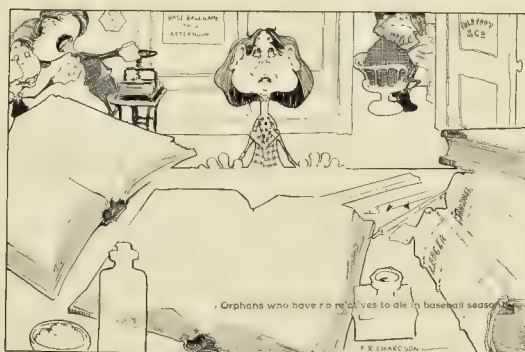
The house fly who, brought up in an atmosphere of
profanity, never heard a kind word after a fly



The poor young chicken after subjected to humiliation
and insult



The poor boy whose life knows no joy



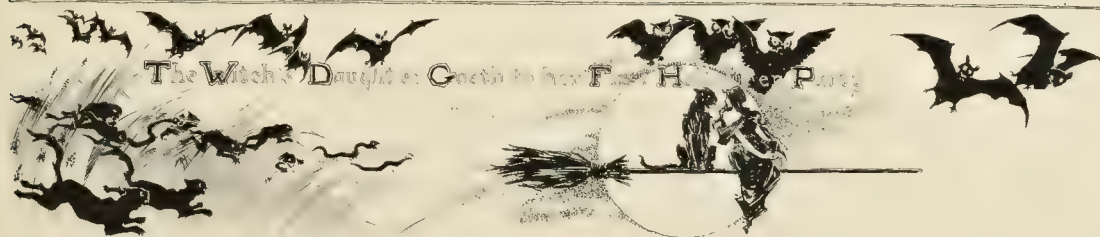
Orphans who have no relatives to die in baseball season

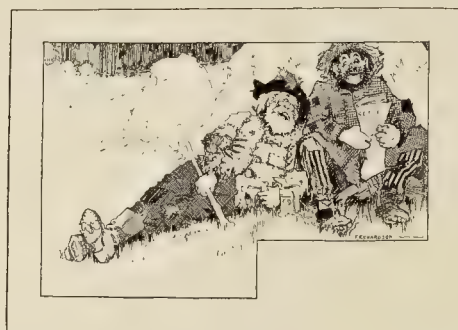
F. R. MARCHION



LINCOLN PARK

Rose Carmine—"Yes, Chisel, art is long and life is short."
 Chisel (who abandoned art for speculation)—"Worse than that; Iard is long and I am short."





AN IMPOSSIBLE CRIME

Tired Anton (reading). "Say, Chimmie, I reads dat dey heked a feller fer bringing whiskey inter de Klondike. Wot d'ye tink o' dat?"
 Chimmie. "I t'ink dey 'd never h' give us de stripes."
 T. A.—"Why?"
 Chimmie (with a sigh). "We wouldn't h' got half way dere wid dat kind o' baggage along."

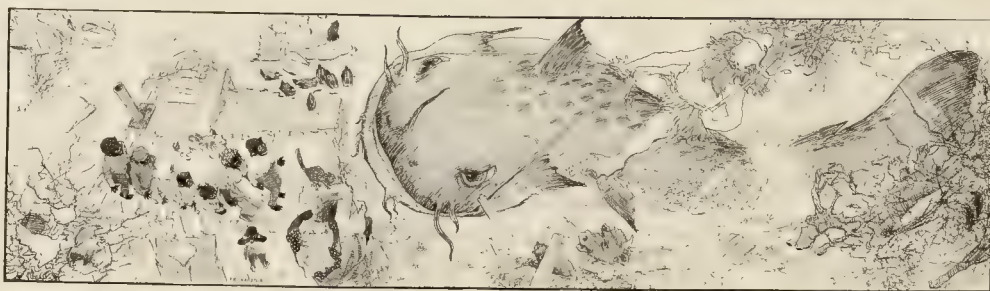


NOT SO BAD

Tattered Tompkins (with sobs).—"Trucky Rider has disgraced the profess an' gone to work."
 Woeiful Wiggens (reassuringly).—"Naw he ain't, neider; he's got one o' dem city hall jobs."



MEMBERS OF THE CHICAGO CAT CLUB



THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
(From Bird's Eye View of Events of the Week)



INDICATIONS FOR THE OPENING OF AUTUMN TRADE



(From Bird's Eye View of Events of the Week.)



GERMANY'S BIRTHDAY FÊTE
(From Bird's Eye View of Events of the Week)



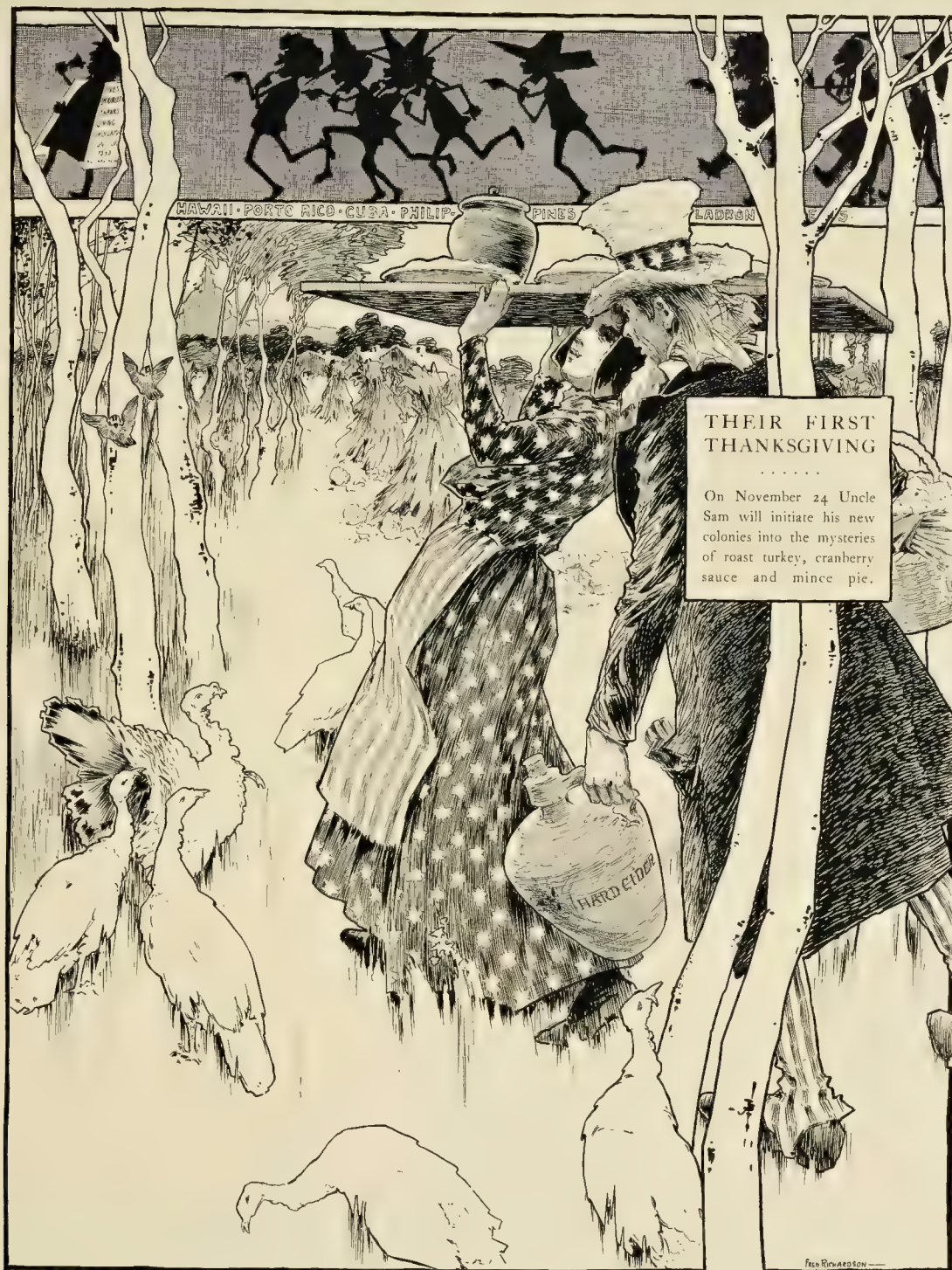
F. McLaughlin

There was an old man who lived in a hat,
 He had so many children he didn't know where he was at;
 He gave them the earth without any string,
 And when they got sassy he didn't do a thing.



THE TEMPEST

Ariel and Caliban (Miss Haswell and Mr. Powers)



THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING

On November 24 Uncle Sam will initiate his new colonies into the mysteries of roast turkey, cranberry sauce and mince pie.

FRED RICHARDSON



THE TEMPEST

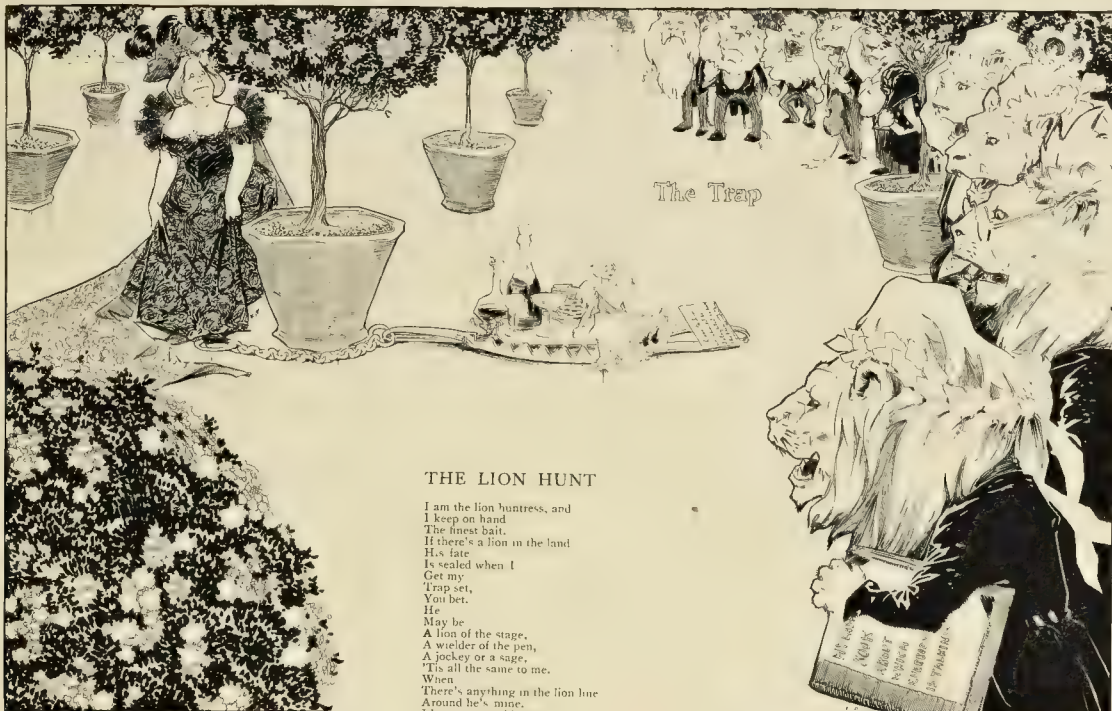
Miranda and Ferdinand (Miss Rehan and Mr. Richman)

The Reign of the Chrysanthemum





THE MODERN CIRCE AND THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATORS



THE LION HUNT

I am the lion huntress, and
I keep on hand
The finest bait.
If there's a lion in the land
His fate
Is sealed when I
Get my
Trap set,
You bet.
He
May be
A lion of the stage,
A wielder of the pen,
A jockey or a sage,
'Tis all the same to me.
When
There's anything in the lion line
Around he's mine.
I have a special brand
Of bait for fiddlers, and
Another irresistible kind for
Heroes of war;
I am ready for all comers and I and
A new
One every day or two.
Last week I had an opera star,
To-morrow I shall have by far
The finest jewsharp player now extant.
They can't
Get away from me.
The man who writes a deathless lay,
Or he who wins fame in a day,
May step high,
But my
Triumph far surpasses his when I
Capture him and lead him down
Past my fair rivals, to behold them frown
On me.
I am the lion huntress and my bait
May
Be
Expensive, but you see
The great
Must serve to entertain society
And it is my mission to present the
Way.



F. RICHARDSON

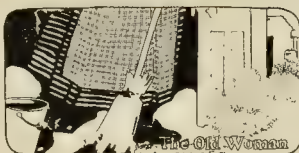


A RONDEAU

To dream in June! Ah, sweet, I keep
The breath of field, I see the sheep
Brouse where the sloping meadows' way
Looks out to find the purpling day
Sink low and slow in slumber deep
To dream in June.

I see the dear old meadows creep
As of yore, sweet, the same stars reep
Of night the gentle joys that stay
To dream in June.

I see the blush of roses peep
In purest glow, the hills so steep
And when I wonder if the gray
Of shadows and the night's mild sway
Will ever move my soul to weep
For dreams in June.



The Old Woman



The Same Old Fairy Story



The Garbage Box



The Garbage Collector



ONCE upon a time there lived an old woman. One day she was sweeping her house when she found a garbage box that was hump-backed and overflowing with garbage. The garbage refused to get out of the box, so she went and found a garbage collector and she said:

"Garbage collector, garbage collector, empty my garbage box; garbage won't get out, and I can't get my house clean to-day."

But the garbage collector would not. So the old woman went a little farther and she found a ward inspector, and she said:

"Ward inspector, ward inspector, kick garbage collector; garbage collector won't empty garbage box, garbage won't get out, and I can't get my house clean to-day."

But the ward inspector would not. So the old woman went a little farther and she came to a superintendent of streets and alleys, and she said:

"Superintendent of streets and alleys, superintendent of streets and alleys, throw out ward inspector; ward inspector won't kick garbage collector; garbage collector won't empty garbage box; garbage won't get out, and I can't get my house clean to-day."

But the superintendent of streets and alleys would not. So the old woman went a little farther and she found a commissioner of public works, and she said:

"Commissioner of public works, commissioner of public works, poke up superintendent of streets and alleys; superintendent of streets and alleys won't throw out ward inspector; ward inspector won't kick garbage collector; garbage collector won't empty garbage box; garbage won't get out, and I can't get my house clean to-day."

But the commissioner of public works would not. So the old woman went a little farther and she found a mayor, and she said:

"Mayor, mayor, nudge commissioner of public works; commissioner of public works won't poke up superintendent of streets and alleys; superintendent of streets and alleys won't throw out ward inspector; ward inspector won't kick garbage collector; garbage collector won't empty garbage box; garbage won't get out, and I can't get my house clean to-day."

But the mayor would not. So the old woman went a little farther and she found some people and she said:

"People, people, jump on the mayor; mayor won't nudge commissioner of public works; commissioner of public works won't poke up superintendent of streets and alleys; superintendent of streets and alleys won't throw out ward inspector; ward inspector won't kick garbage collector; garbage collector won't empty garbage box; garbage won't get out, and I can't get my house clean to-day."

So the people began to jump on the mayor; the mayor began to nudge the commissioner of public works; the commissioner of public works began to poke up the superintendent of streets and alleys; the superintendent of streets and alleys began to throw out the ward inspector; the ward inspector began to kick the garbage collector; the garbage collector began to sling garbage; the garbage began to get out of the garbage box, and the old woman now stands some show of having a clean house some day in the sweet by and by.



The Ward Inspector



The Superintendent of Streets and Alleys



The People



The Mayor







IN THE CHRISTMAS COUNTRY

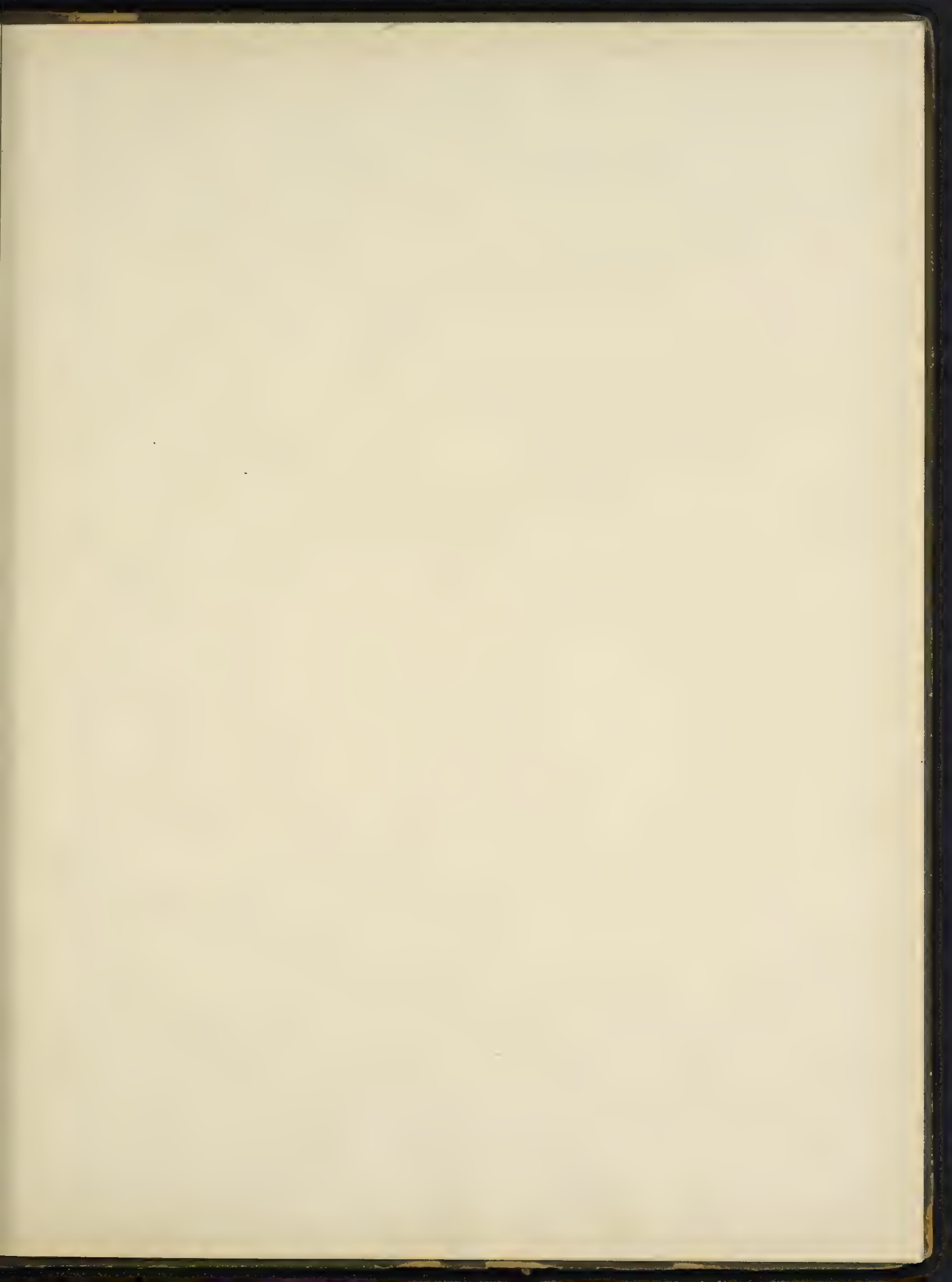






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